

Bold and Underlined=POV Change
Underlined=Line Break
Bold=TV Script
Italics=Thoughts
Bold, Underlined, and Italics=Vision

Chapter 7

Y/N's POV

I was really concerned about Wednesday. When she bumped into the farmer, her head threw back, that I thought she had hurt it. Now she seems to be fine. I so wanted to ask her about what had happened, but it could be something that she didn't want to talk about. We eventually arrived at the Weathervane, where I saw Tyler. I greatly dislike Tyler, for he is very pushy in trying to court me. I also get a very bad feeling about him, like he isn't a normie that he is trying to be. Because of all that, I tend to try and go to the Weathervane when it isn't his shift. As we got closer to the bar (**is that what it's called in coffee shops**) I scooted closer to Wednesday. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her look at me slightly.

Wednesday's POV

When we got closer to the bar of the coffee shop, Y/N got closer to me, and I could sense that she was very uncomfortable. This was putting me on edge, so I allowed her to get closer. We finally made it to the bar, when their machine started to act up. The machine hissed and spewed out steam. The barista was having trouble getting the machine to stop and to work properly. I could feel Y/N slightly laugh at this and it almost caused me to smirk. When the steam finally let up, the barista jumped back, startled by our appearance.

"Holy crap," he exclaimed looking at us, though his gaze was set mostly on my omega, which I didn't like at all, "do you make a habit of scaring the hell out of people?"

"It's more of a hobby," I replied to him. Y/N looked at me with a small smile, but I could tell that she doesn't want to be near this person. I wonder why she doesn't like this person, but I will do my best in keeping him away from her.

"You go to Nevermore," he asked, then looked at my uniform, "didn't realize they changed the uniform."

"I need a quad over ice," I told him, ignoring the question and comment, "it's an emergency, plus a hot chocolate for Y/N."

I saw him give me a confused face, and this really irritated me, for he should know how to make this since he works here.

"It's four shots of espresso," I told him.

"Yeah, I... I know what a quad is, but, spoiler alert," he explained to me, "the espresso machine's having a seizure, so all we have is drip."

"But drip is for people who hate themselves and know their lives have no real purpose or meaning," I told him, not wanting drip, "what's wrong with your machine?"

"It's a temperamental beast with a mind of its own," he told me, "and it doesn't help that the instructions are in Italian."

"I need a tri-wing screwdriver and a four-millimeter Allen wrench," I told him, while looking at the instructions. I saw out of the corner of my eye, that Y/N was looking at me with awe on her face. This made me want to puff up in pride, but resisted.

"Wait, you read Italian," he asked, stunned.

"Of course. It's the native tongue of Machiavelli," I told him, "here's the deal. I'm going to fix your coffee machine, then you're going to make my coffee and call a taxi."

"Uh, no taxis in Jericho," he told me, "try Uber?"

"I don't have a phone. I refuse to be a slave to technology," I said flatly.

"Then you're out of luck," he said, "where you going anyway?"

"That's on a need-to-know basis," I told him, for he doesn't need to know anything about this, "what about trains?"

"Nearest station is Burlington," he told me, "it's half an hour long away."

"You have a valve issue," I told him, finally seeing what the issue is, "I've